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Selected Tale.

THE BLACKSMITH'S PRENTICE.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

Chapter I.

It was the darkest hour of the Revolution for the American cause. There were traitors in the camp, though the great mass of the people remained firm and determined in the cause of Independence. The British army outnumbered the American forces as three to one, but liberty was the prize to be won, and brave hearts, led on by Washington, did not despair. What if they were clad in tattered garments, and their feet were shodless, leaving marks of blood on the frozen ground wherever they followed their loved commander, so long as they battled for the birthright of freedom?

At the period of our story there stood in the vicinity of the village of Brunswick, a log-house of rather large dimensions, and built in a manner that proved that its proprietor went in more for comfort than appearance, as regarded his dwelling. There was an air of neatness and taste about the garden, that seemed to prove that it was under the especial care of a woman, even though current bush, honeysuckle and hop vine, had been for many days under the snows of December.

The proprietor of the house followed the double calling of a blacksmith and a farmer. He was a hale old man of about sixty, and his family were composed solely of his wife Dorothy, and his daughter Mary, a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood. In his youth, farmer Jonas Hutton had advocated quaker principles of peace, but in his age sympathies were secretly enlisted in the cause of King George. His conduct however had been so circum-spect, he appearing to maintain a strict neutrality as regarded both the British and American cause, that, though suspicious were rife of his extending aid to the former, he had thus far, escaped actual proof. The only person hired about his premises was a tall, ungainly youth, of about twenty years of age, and who served as helper in the smithy, when occasionally a neighbor wished his horse shod or his wagon wheel trued. His name was Malachi Jones, and hailed from the Bay State, from whence he had wandered to his present station, some three years before binding himself to Squire Hutton till one-and-twenty. He had all the peculiarities of the migratory race of New England, and though, as we have stated, he was tall and ungainly in his deportment, a warm heart beat under a homespun vest, and he displayed much genius and tact for the benefit of his employer. As a matter of course, he had been in love for a long time with the fair form and blue eyes of his master's daughter Mary, though she had always treated his case so coolly, that any one else but a genuine Yankee wooer would have left the field in despair. No girl can bear to have it said that her lover is an object of ridicule, and Mary was well aware that tall Malachi—the name by which her father's apprentice was generally addressed—was the sport of all the young girls in the neighborhood. And she might have made many a worse choice, for he did fair to become a first-rate mechanic, was a crack-shot with the rifle, and, or, expressed it himself, anything that stood in two shoes. He was a firm advocate of the American cause, and when his boss was not by, and he could gain a listener's ear, he would express his admiration for Washington in the highest terms.

It was in the latter part of December, and close upon dusk, when a young man, attired in the uniform of an ensign in the Continental army, and mounted upon a powerful grey horse, rode up to Squire Hutton's smithy, and requested that his animal might be shod immediately. 'Friend, thou seemest to be in somewhat of a hurry,' was Squire Hutton's reply, glancing at the stranger; 'and as Malachi is busy foddering the cattle, and I have promised to have neighbor Parker's wheel trued in half an hour, perhaps they had better apply at the next shop, which lies but a mile and a half farther on the straight road to Brunswick, and—'

'A plague on neighbor Parker and his wagon wheel!' said the young man impatiently. 'As you have stated, however, I am in a hurry, and bear important dispatches to Washington, whom I understand is on his way to attack our enemies at Princeton. May heaven favor the right cause.'

'Amen,' said the smith, earnestly. 'But, as I have informed thee before, it will be impossible to attend to the shoeing of thy beast to-night. It is nearly dark, and I seldom protract my labors after nightfall.'

The stranger mused a moment, and then muttered to himself, 'It is not possible

that I can have been misinformed,' drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to Squire Hutton.

'What's this?' he exclaimed. 'Something that it would not be polite to let every one peruse in these times; but I have heard that you are a staunch man in the cause of King George, and I can trust you. The exigencies of my case, will not admit of delay. My horse must be shod, and I must be within the British camp at Trenton, by to-morrow morning.'

The old smith, with an air of surprise, wiped his glasses to peruse the document, and by the last fading light of day, recognized the well-known signature of Lord Cornwallis.

He instantly grasped the stranger by the hand, and said that for the just cause of King George, he would neglect every other job of work in the shop.

'But thee will have a rough ride of it, friend; the roads are in bad condition, and the wind will blow cold and bitter in thy face. I observe the whole of thy journey.'

The stranger remarked, that he had learned to laugh at such adventures in the camp of the soldier.

'Ay, friend, but the night will be black as pitch an hour later, and if thy beast is not shod to-day, thee will scarcely reach Trenton by sunrise. However, I will see that thou art well prepared for thy journey. A good cup of tea, equal to that the foolish rebels wasted in Boston Harbor, made by my wife Dorothy, and a few warm biscuits prepared by my daughter Mary, will refresh thee greatly, previous to thy long ride.'

'Thanks, kind sir, for thy hospitality, and be assured that I will be remembered to our commander-in-chief. My business is urgent, for if I reach Trenton by sunrise, the plan I now bear about my person, will place the rebel army wholly in our power.'

'Sayest thou so,' said the smith, rubbing his hands joyfully; 'then indeed we have no time to lose. Hallo, Malachi! ah, here thou art. Run up to the house, and tell Dorothy to have the tea-kettle singing in five minutes, tell that my friend Ensign Spencer of the Continental army is going to sup with us. He has important documents for the benefit of the American cause, and must be in the American camp by to-morrow morning. Thou canst shoe this horse, while I extend to him the hospitalities, and Squire Hutton, taking the young man by the arm, ushered him in a few moments into the presence of his wife, and charming daughter.

Meanwhile, Malachi, who had eyed the stranger very closely, lit a lamp, and began to ply the bellows.

'Well!' he exclaimed to himself, 'if this don't beat all natur. I thought there was suthin in the wind, when that critter halted to our place; so I just stop foddering the cattle, and sneaked up to the back side of the shop to listen. So if he gets to Trenton by sunrise to-morrow morning, the American party will be in the power of the British. If you are there by that time, by Judas, Malachi Doolittle don't know nothing about shoeing. Whoa—your critter; can't you stand still a moment, while the irons are getting hot?' It's no wonder you are restless with such a load of sin as you are about to carry. My boss is a traitor to his country, and I'm going to cut my indentures to-night, and join the American army. Whoa—what I want I want a captain, marry Mary Hutton, and then strike a bee-line for old Massachusetts. But I must hurry this job through, for I would not like the boss to inspect my work to-night. There, he added, as he drove the last nail, 'you will cast off a pair of them shoes about five miles 'tother side of Brunswick; and then if I don't catch you, Ensign Spencer, on our old Sorrel, I wish I may be blowed up in a powder mill.'

Big with intentions for the benefit of the American cause, Malachi fastened the horse and closing the shop door, wended his way to the house.

The wind blew keen and cold, and the sky was overcast with dark clouds.

'Shouldn't wonder if we had two foot snow before to-morrow morning,' said Malachi to himself, 'and I rather, by a darn sight, go to an apple bee or a quilting party with Mary Hutton tucked under my arm, than take a journey to Trenton to-night. However, what can't be cured must be endured, as my old school marm used to say, when she plied the birch; and so all you've got to do, Malachi Doolittle, is to play possum, and not give the Britisher a big start.'

He found the kitchen empty, for Ensign Spencer being considered in the light of an especial guest, the supper table was set in the parlor.

'Rot his picture! he will be making love to Mary next,' said Malachi, uneasily; 'but if he does, I'll pay him off in his own coin. Ah, here is his pistols and heavy riding coat. Well, now, Malachi Doolittle, I don't think it would be unwholesome to your constitution to jerk the primin out of them barkers, for fear matters might come to a rough-and-tumble. So here

goes, and suiting the action to the word, the stranger's weapons were instantly placed in a harmless condition.

When the apprentice entered the parlor, he found Dorothy Hutton and her daughter Mary in high glee and good humor. The repast was over, but the stranger seemed to be attracted to the smith's parlor by the bright eyes of Mary, and looking twice out of the window into the cold, bleak night, he gave a shudder, as if loath to depart on his journey. Tall Malachi devoured his supper in moody silence; but, notwithstanding his discontent at the notice the young officer took of Mary, he made fearful inroads on the Johnny cake and sausage. A genuine Yankee is seldom so deep in love that he forsakes his victuals; and such was certainly tall Malachi's case. When there was no excuse for longer delay, the apprentice was deputed to fetch his horse to the door, and thanking his host and hostess for their kind attentions, and bestowing a kiss upon the blushing cheek of Mary, he bestrode the animal, and set forth at a round gallop, on his dark and dreary journey.

I guess I'd better go and finish foddering the cattle,' said Malachi, as the clatter of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance. 'Old Bull has broke his circling to me to smash. I calculated better take the sorrel horse and go down to Brunswick to-morrow morning and get it fixed, as we want to sled some wood from the swamp. Suppose you can let me have old Sorrel for a little while, squire?'

'Why, how on earth could thee go down to Brunswick without him, Malachi? How foolish you do talk to-night.'

'Well, I didn't know but what you might want to use him,' said Malachi, closing the door behind him, and starting for the barn. 'Consarn his picture! kissed her lips, did he? Well, if I don't have a wrestle with him for that trick, my name ain't Malachi Doolittle. Jerusalem, how cold it is! I wish I had my other shirt on; but it's no use to grumble. Old Sorrel, put in the big ticks, and you shall be kept on nothing else but oats and clover for the balance of your material days. And now for a parting salute to the boss,' he added, as he bestrode up to the door of the house. 'Hellow! Squire Hutton, suthin's broke loose!'

'Why, Malachi, what is the matter?' asked the smith, opening the door; 'is the barn a fire, or—'

'No, nothin' of the kind, boss. But I've concluded to borrow old Sorrel to-night instead of to-morrow morning. I know the whole plot, and am going to take them papers from Ensign Spencer, and give them to George Washington.'

'Why, his horse is as fleet as the wind; and he will be to Trenton before thee art half way,' said the smith, with a laugh.

'You forgot that I shod his horse, boss Hutton.'

'Well, he is armed and will shoot the as dead as a nail, if thou dost attempt violence.'

'Can't be did, boss. I shook the primin' from his pistols when he was in to supper.'

'Thunder and Belzebub—Lord forgive me—but—'

The remainder of the sentence was lost on Malachi's ear, for with a wild gallop, he was following in the track of the British spy.

Chapter II.

The night was very still, and flakes of snow were falling fast over the already whitened ground, but old sorrel was perfectly acquainted with every inch of the ground, and, as if prompted by an instinct that he was on business that admitted of no delay, it needed but little urging on the part of Malachi to make him stretch his neck through the village of Brunswick like a greyhound.

Occasionally his river would rein up and pause to listen, as if he could hear the clatter of hoofs in the distance, and when he could hear no sound, but the moaning of the wind as it whistled through the forest trees, he would shout 'Ga-lang, you critter, the game's ahead somewhere,' and the horse would resume his old pace.

But this perseverance was not to go long unrewarded; for he had scarcely put the village of Brunswick five miles behind him, when he desired the object of his search a short distance ahead, and traveling at such a gait convinced him that Ensign Spencer had little to thank Malachi Doolittle for his hidecraft. As the matter stood, it was a great feat for the sorrel or the apprentice to rein up by the side of the officer in so space of a few moments.

'It was too dark for Spencer to recognize his new acquaintance of the Smithery.'

'Fine evening squire,' said Malachi, sleighing with the fast rate to-morrow, if it continues to come down this way.'

There we don't agree, friend, said Spencer, placing his hand by way of precaution, upon one of his pistols; for the

night, to my mind, is a cursed dark and stormy one.

'Well, 'tis something dark, that's a fact,' was Malachi's response, 'for a man that's got a considerable distance to ride. Got a fine horse, I can't see for sartin. Critter goes kinder lame; don't he?'

'Yes, thanks to a bungling fellow that shod him about two hour ago, I shall not be able to reach my destination by daylight.'

'Rather guess you won't squire, at the gate you are traveling now. Trenton is a long way off yet, and it is a rough road to travel. Now squire, seem' it to you, I wouldn't mind swapping horses. Old sorrel is sure footed, and only ten years old, come next grass; though I should require a little boot, under the circumstances, not Continental, but in hard Spanish, and—'

'Hold on friend, for Heaven's sake. I have no wish to trade horses at any rate, and your loquacity is perfectly overwhelming. I have but one question to ask, and you can act your own pleasure in answering it. Who gave you the information that I was traveling to Trenton?'

'Just as sick as grease squire. You are on our side. God save King George and down with rebels. I am Malachi Doolittle, Jonas Hutton's apprentice boy, who shod your critter this very night; and it appears it was so confounded dark in the shop, that I made a pesky job of it.'

'Pesky job indeed,' said Spencer. 'Why, my horse is going dead lame, and I must be in Trenton by to-morrow morning—my business is of the most vital importance.'

'Could I not do the business for you?' said Malachi. 'You can go back to squire Hutton's while I will carry the despatches you bear about you to the British camp.'

'No,' said Spencer, with a laugh, 'that would hardly do. A British officer placing important despatches in the hands of a blacksmith's apprentice is altogether out of the question.'

'By Judas, I've got it!' exclaimed Malachi, as if struck by a sudden thought. 'We will swap horses for the present. I'll take your critter back to Hutton's, and doctor him till you call for him, and lend you old sorrel, he is just as fresh now as when he left the stable, and can keep the same gait for four and twenty hours to come.'

Ensign Spencer was delighted with the proposition, and halting at a favorable place, they both dismounted to make the exchange. But no sooner had the officer's feet touched the ground, than he found himself in the close embrace of tall Malachi.

'Now squire,' he exclaimed, 'before it comes too worse tussel, I'll trouble you to fork over them papers.'

'Why, what do you mean, you plebeian hound,' said Spencer, 'by thus insulting an officer of King George?' struggling to free himself from the iron grasp of the blacksmith's apprentice.

'Mean just what I say, you gaud darned contemptuous tory varmint. Hurrah for George Washington and the Continental Congress. Kiss Mary again, will you? Well, I'm not agoing to be cruel, but if you don't fork over them papers in a jiffy, by the sixteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, I'll smash your meat of you—I will, by Judas!'

'Don't threaten me!' exclaimed Spencer (for Malachi's grip at his throat had been tight enough very instant) and they are yours.'

'Don't attempt to come any of your games you tory varmint. I can out-run, out-jump, out-wrestle anything in our diggins and—'

'Such is not my intention. There are the papers, and much good may they do you. And now be kind enough to release my collar.'

'Wait a bit, squire—so ho, sorrel—must make all I can, at the moment he let go of Spencer, he leaped into the saddle. 'Good night squire, and pleasant dreams.'

Spencer instantly aimed one of his pistols pointed blank at Malachi, but it missed fire. He dashed it to the ground with a curse and leveled the other—the trigger clicked, but there was no discharge.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Malachi. 'You'll find the primin' scattered round Jonas Hutton's kitchen floor, where I left it.—Ya-hip, ga-lang, sorrel. There's clever to George Washington and the Continental Congress.'

Chapter III.

The sun was not above an hour high when a tall, slab-sided Yankee, mounted on a bony horse rode up to the American lines, where he was hailed by the sentries, and to whom he made known that he had something of the most vital importance to communicate to the general. His invincible pertinacity finally procured him the coveted audience with the commander-in-chief of the American forces, and tall Malachi placed the documents he had procured with so much trouble in his hands. Washington saw at a glance that had the plans they divulged been carried out, the Amer-

ican army would have been placed in great peril, if not utterly annihilated. Of his master's share in the transaction, Malachi Doolittle said nothing, for he was too much in love with Mary to betray her father; but all other questions he answered with a promptness that proved he had a large share of good sense to make up for his uncouth appearance.

'And you wish to serve in the army?' said Washington, kindly.

'Such is my intention, your excellency, if you think my services worthy of regard.'

'We are always glad to receive such good recruits in the cause of freedom as thou art. The service thou have rendered is a great one to the American cause.—Captain Doolittle, allow me to congratulate you! for such is the commission you hold henceforth in the Continental army.'

The heart of the new made officer, was too full to express his thanks; but he resolved to prove by deeds, and not by word, that he was worthy of Washington's consideration. The commander-in-chief saw that some immediate steps must be taken not only to save Philadelphia—which he learned by the dispatches brought by Doolittle, the enemy were determined to possess—but to arouse the spirit of the nation, that had now sunk to the lowest depth of dispondency. He resolved to anticipate the British, and cross the frozen Delaware, on the night of the 26th of December, where he learned that a large body of Hessians were encamped. He followed up his plan with eminent success; for the attack being totally unexpected, more than nine hundred of the enemy were taken prisoners of war. He recrossed the river again and though his shadow of an army was weary and exhausted, he determined to make an attack on the British forces at Princeton. Here he had the good fortune to kill sixty, and take three hundred prisoners more. This good fortune served to dispel the gloom that had settled over the American cause.

It is an undoubted fact, that Malachi Doolittle held a colonel's commission in the army before the close of the war, which took place when Great Britain acknowledged the Independence of the United States. November 8th, 1782.

On the banks of the river Raritan, some ten years after the incidents detailed in our story there stood a fine house, built in the style of the Elizabethan period—the residence of Colonel Doolittle and family, who was now one of the wealthiest farmers in the whole country. He was one of the most hospitable of men, and neither friend or stranger could pass his door without being asked to take a mug of the colonel's good cider; or if it happened to be about tea-time, a cup of tea, and a slice of short cake, made by the fair hands of his wife Molly. There was an old man, too, who sat in the cosiest place by the fireside, who for a long time after the close of the war, would advocate the cause of the King and talk about having somebody arrested for stealing a sorrel horse—at which his daughter would wink slyly to her husband—but he finally came to the conclusion, as peace and plenty crowned the land of freedom that George Washington was not so much of a rebel after all.

There was an old lady, too, who appeared to never grow tired of praising her son-in-law; and a little boy the very image of his mother, who, at the close of many a summer's day, would climb upon his father's knee, and say with a tone of earnest entreaty.

'Now, pa, do tell me all about Ensign Spencer, and General Washington and the Hessians; and how you hooked grand-pa's horse and listed for a soldier.'

'Willingly, my son,' the colonel would reply, 'but I have related the story so often, I should think you knew it by heart.' Yet Colonel Doolittle, for the especial benefit of his son and heir, often related the story over and over again.

Such is one of the many incidents connected with the dark hours of the revolution. Though purchased with the blood of thousands, it left the legacy of freedom to mankind; and few in those times which tried man's souls acquired greater fame in the American cause, than Malachi Doolittle, the blacksmith's apprentice.

Recreation.

To work best, man must play a due proportion of the time; to bear the heaviest burdens, he must have his heart lightened now and then; he thinks so profoundly, he must not think so steadily. When the world, on any plea of prudence or wisdom, or conscience, has overlooked these principles, religion and morality have suffered. In former times, monasteries and nunneries, caves and pillars, held the pure fanatics and ultraists the idiots and hypocrites whom violated nature sent there. Now insane asylums and hospitals shelter the victims furnished for their cells by the headlong sobriety and mad earnestness of business which knows no pleasures, or of study which allows no cessation, or of conscience and piety, which frown on amusement; while the morbid morality, the thin wisdom, the jundiced affections, the wretched dyspepsia, the wreck and defeat of body and soul, which a community deficient in outdoor sports, genial society, or legitimate gaiety, exhibits to the thoughtful eye, are hardly less saddening than the hospital or mad-house.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1705.

'This year the Eastons went in the spring to Newbury, then called Agassum, and there builded and planted; this was the first settling of that town, lying on the south side of the Merrimack river in New England.'

1638. 'In the beginning of this year, 1638, the Eastons left Newbury and went and builded at Winoosneck, now called Hampton, beyond Merrimack, and this was the beginning of the year, March, but being put by our purchase by the dismemberment in the country when Vane was turned out from being governor; they went into Rhode Island in June and builded at Portsmouth at the cove and planted there this year, 1638, 15th of 5th month.'

1639. 'This year 1st of the 3d month we came to Newport.'

'In the beginning of this year the Eastons came to Newport in Rhode Island and builded there the first English building and there planted this year, and coming by boat they lodged at the Island of Coasters Harbour the last of April, 1639, and the 1st of May in the morning, gave that Island the name of Coasters Harbour, and from thence came to Newport the same day.'

1643. 'This year, the 15th of November, Peter Easton was married to Ann Coggeshall of Newport.'

1644. 'This year the 12th of November young Nicholas Easton was born at Newport in 1644.'

1645. 'This year Peter Easton came to live at the end of the beach at the east end thereof.'

1654. 'This year Friends first began in the north of old England.'

1663. 'This year we built the first windmill.'

1706.

The General Assembly convened at Newport on the 1st day of May, 1706, being the day before election.

Present the Governor, Dep. Governor, Assistants and the following named deputies from the towns.

Newport.
Benjamin Arnold, James Barker, Jonathan Holmes, Henry Brightman, Samuel Coggeshall, Richard Dunn.
Providence.
Thos. Harris, Thos. Field, Gideon Crawford, John Sales.
Portsmouth.
Caleb Arnold, William Earle, Isaac Lawton, George Cornell.
Warwick.
Benj. Barton, Israel Arnold, Jno. Waterman, Jno. Wicks.
Westerly.
Joseph Clarke, William Champin, Stephen Hazard, Wm. Knowles, New Shoreham.
Jno. Rodman, Wm. Hancock, Greenfield.
Pardon Tillinghast, Michael Spencer, Jamestown.
Edward Carr, Daniel Coggeshall.

By election were chosen
SAMUEL CRANSTON, Gov.
WALTER CLARKE, Dep. Gov.

Assistants.
Nathl. Coddington, Wm. Wanton, Wm. Hopkins, Joseph Williams, George Brownell, Thos. Cornell, Randal Holden, Richard Greene, Jeffry Champin, John Eldred.

At this Assembly an act passed requiring each town to pay their own Deputies, or Representatives.

The General Assembly met again in Newport on the 3d day of July, 1706.

A little before this time a French privateer ship had infested the coast, and an expedition was fitted out which succeeded in capturing the ship, when she was brought in with her crew as prisoners to be provided for, and the expense to be paid out of the General Treasury. She was taken by a vessel commanded by Col. Jno. Wanton in the colony's service. The Assembly passed an act authorizing the Governor to take any vessel or vessels apprised before she was to be so employed, and so arm and fit out such force as he might think proper upon any sudden invasion, or other sudden emergency, for the security of the colony.

The General assembly convened at Providence on the 30th of October, 1706.

Deputies.
Newport.
John Rogers, John Holmes, Henry Tew, Joseph Holmes, Peter Barker, Fregit Coggeshall, Joseph Jencks, Samuel Wilkinson, Jonathan Sprague.
Portsmouth.
Wm. Earle, Abraham Anthony, Benj. Sherman, Jeremiah Smith, Benj. Barton, Job Greene, Simon Smith, John Wicks.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

Table with 4 columns: JANUARY 1888, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY. Rows show dates and corresponding days of the week.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To a friend of Right.

WILL THE PERSON who addressed me a letter signed "A friend of Right," have the kindness to call at my office in the City Hall immediately? The interview shall be strictly private and confidential.

W. H. CRANSTON, Mayor.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Coddington Manufacturing Company, will be held on Monday, the 11th day of January, at 2 o'clock P. M., in the South wing of the R. I. Union Bank building, second floor.

Jan 2 DAVID G. COOK, Agt & Treasr.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to LANGLEY & NORMAN are requested to call and settle their accounts, and those having demands to present them for payment.

Jan 2

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made and executed by Thomas H. Oxx, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Act in that behalf made, and recorded in the Land Evidence of New York, book No. 1 Mortgage, pages 435, 436 and 437, the condition of which has been broken, there will be sold at public auction on the premises, to-wit: on Saturday, the 11th day of January, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest which the said Thomas H. Oxx had at the time of the execution of the said mortgage in and to all that parcel of land situated on the Western side of, and bounded Easterly by King street in Newport, then measuring thirty-one feet; Southerly on lands of the said Thomas H. Oxx, then measuring 17 feet; Westerly on lands of Edward King, then measuring thirty feet; and Northerly on lands of the said Edward King, then measuring fifteen feet. Sold per order of the assignees of the said mortgage.

Jan 2, 1888.—J.W.

Commissioners' Notice.

I and duly qualified by the Hon. Court of Probate, Commissioners on the estate of WILLIAM GLENON, deceased, do hereby give notice that the said William Glenon, deceased, and six months from this date is allowed the creditors to present their claims against said estate and we will meet at the Probate Court room, on Thursday, March 27, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to receive and consider the same. All persons having claims against the said William Glenon, deceased, are requested to appear at the said meeting, to file their claims, and to be sworn to by the said Commissioners. A J. WARD, Book and Music store.

Jan 2

Stock A/c. at Auction.

Will be sold at Public Auction on Wednesday, the 6th of January, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., (if fair, if not the next day, viz., at the Bank of America, 100 Wall Street, New York, the following stocks:—

Two COWS—one by a calf by her side—2 Ox Carts, 5 or 6 tons of Hay in the barn, 1 Stack of Straw, some Corn Fodder, Plow, Harrow, Cultivator, Corn Sheller, Cradle, Horse Rake, Ropes, Hooks, &c. Also, a variety of Poultry, Seals, Pans, &c. &c.

Conditions made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN GOULD, Auctioneer.

Picture Frames of any desired style or form, made to order.

Always on hand a fine assortment of Gilt, Rosewood and Oak mouldings, and a large stock of glass, and a large stock of gold and black backs complete, furnished on 30 minutes notice, and at prices as low as any establishment in Rhode Island. At B. H. TISDALES, No. 116 Thames street. Sample Book containing 150 different styles of frames and mouldings.

Jan 2

Wedding and Visiting Cards—Plates

Wanted to order, with or without engravings, at the lowest possible prices, at B. H. TISDALES, No. 116 Thames street.

Jan 2

Engravings of all kinds, either on Stone or plates, neatly executed to order, at B. H. TISDALES, No. 116 Thames street.

Jan 2

To those who wish to Preserve the Hair of a Friend—Hair work of all kinds, such as Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Chains, Armlets and many other articles neatly made to order.

At B. H. TISDALES, No. 116 Thames street.

Jan 2

Guardian Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, appointed by the Court of Probate of Middlebury, Guardian of the person and estate of ANNA V. CHASE, minor, daughter of Zachariah Chase, deceased, do hereby give notice that the said Anna V. Chase, minor, and six months from this date is allowed the creditors to present their claims against said estate and we will meet at the Probate Court room, on Thursday, March 27, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to receive and consider the same. All persons having claims against the said Anna V. Chase, minor, are requested to appear at the said meeting, to file their claims, and to be sworn to by the said Guardian. A J. WARD, Book and Music store.

Jan 2

Marine Intelligence.

ARRIVED.—

ATFORD, Dec 26.—Schr West Palomoth, from New York, for Bangor, Maine, arrived at 10 o'clock.

ATFORD, Dec 26.—Schr Julia Franklin, from New York, for Bangor, Maine, arrived at 10 o'clock.

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Miscellaneous.

RECENT ADDITIONS.

JAMES HAMMOND'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

6122 Runny Ryke, by G. Burton—Author of "Typical in Society."

6123 Runny Ryke, by G. Burton—Author of "Typical in Society."

6124 Runny Ryke, by G. Burton—Author of "Typical in Society."

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Miscellaneous.

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